THE

PARTERRE.

BY A TRIO.

A blooming garden,
Adorn'd with flow'rs of every rainbow hue,
And fragrant odour.

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THE COMPILER No. 3.

Description. manners and customs of the Laplanders. continued

The Laplander subsists principally on fish and venison both summer and win ter. His venison is amply provided from his rein-deer. which are of equal importance to the inhabitants of the frigid region. as the camel is to those of the torrid.

Although the winter in these nothern climates is intensely cold, yet the summer (for they have scarcely any spring and autumn) is extremely warm. When the winter is about to be replaced by summer. the mountains of snow. and the plains of ice that cover the lakes to a great depth. vanish away. and there is a delightful transition from the sterility of winter to the luxuriance of summer.—The streams and lakes. which could not before. have been distinguished from the land, become pure and limpid. and abounding with prodigious quantities of fish that are taken almost without trouble. What was before a barren and unbounded waste, bursts upon the delighted Laplander. in diversified hills and vales. interspersed with romantic scenes, where the cascades rush down the declivities, and foaming subside into smooth streams of the utmost transparency. between banks fringed with verdure reflected from the surface of the water. So clear and so inviting are some of the lakes. that the pebbly bottom. although very deep. appears almost within arm's reach. and the persons who are sailing over them can scarcely resist the temptation of throwing themselves in. This has given rise to the stories which have been told by travellers. of enchanted lakes and rivers which cause their beholders to drown themselves in them.

The forests. also, at this time become filled with birds, whose notes far exceed in melody those of more southern climates. although they have not the same richness of plumage. The sudden warmth of summer. so immediately succeeding the extreme cold. produces an extraordinary vegetation. The bushes and flowers seem to exhibit their leaves and their

blossoms at the same time. This sudden change is immediately followed by the appearance of the sun, who had deserted the arctic circle, for such a length of time, and left them in a state of partial darkness He is now seen peeping over the southern horizon, and he infuses a new exultation into the heart of the Laplander, who hails the approach of his summer with the joy we experience upon the return of spring, but in a superlative degree.

The appearance of the moss upon which the rein-deer feed is described as remarkably singular. "The colour of the moss is a pale yellow, which, when dry, changes to white: the regularity of its shape, and the uniform manner in which the ground is decked with it, appears very singular and striking; it has the resemblance of a beautiful carpet. These plants grow in a shape nearly octagonal, and approaching to a circle; and as they closely join each other, they form a kind of Mosaic work, or embroidery. The white appearance of the country, which thence arises, may for a moment, make you imagine that the ground is covered with snow; but the idea of a winter scene is done away by the view of little thickets in full green, which you perceive scattered here and there, and still more by the presence of the sun, and the warmth of his rays. As this moss is very dry, nothing can possibly be more pleasant to walk upon; nor can there be any thing softer to serve as a bed, as its cleanness and whiteness is tempting to the sight."

The heat of the summer is very great; during which the Laplanders are under the necessity of wearing thick woolen clothes, of keeping gloves on their hands, and of covering their faces with veils, or smearing them with tar, in order to prevent the access of their everlasting persecutors, the *musquetoes*, which abound during the warm weather. They are seen hovering around the traveller or a Lapland family in clouds, and never fail attacking him whenever a portion of his skin being left exposed, affords them an opportunity. Hence they are obliged to be immersed in a perpetual smoke, in order to keep these obnoxious visitants aloof. The mouth cannot be opened at a meal without the danger of swallowing some of these disagreeable insects, unless the head is held immediately over the fire. Thus harrassed, the most pleasant portion of the year becomes burdensome. We cannot take leave of the Laplanders, without noticing a singular and invariable cure for all pains in the limbs, a receipt for which has been procured by that amusing traveller J. Acerbis. It consists in tying a ligature above and below the place affected, and applying a *burning fire brand* to it. There is also another peculiarity in which they differ from us. The office of *cook* is performed by the *man* altogether, and as the dishes are never washed, the office of scullion is entirely unknown

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The wanderer's reflections.

NO. 1.

'Tis night: The silver goddess, with her light,
Is veil'd in gloom, and nought invades the ear,
Save the lone dashing of the gentle waves
That beat upon the pebbly shore. The world
In sweet oblivions sleep is lull'd to rest;
Tir'd nature sinks into the blest repose,
Which God, the common parent of us all,
Ordain'd should swell our happiness below.
But I am doomed to taste its joys no more.
No more its balmy influence shall control
Or close mine eyes in dumb forgetfulness.
I roam, an outcast, in the world's wide waste,
Heedless of all except the pangs within.
And wherefore must these tears forever flow?
Why must incessant woes this bosom tear?
Alas! tis so—a deep'ning wound's within
Which time, nor scene, nor station e'er can change
Oft when the storm, with all its fury wild,
Pourtrays the mightiness of him above,
Do I, regardless of its howling rage,
'Neath some rude oak repair and sit me down,
For I do love to view the pelting storm,
The vivid lightning as it darts around
And listen to the wind's wild melody.
'Tis there I mly ruminate of scenes,
That oft in former days my mind amused,
And shed a ray of heavenly bliss within.
And then most happy too am I if hope,
Which oft was wont to yield my earlier days
A respite from the cares of childish years,

Displays a fairer scene. Mild Friendship once,
With spotless mien, op'd my young mind to feel,
And gave my soul to all its sweetest powers.
And Love, the inborn passion of a heart,
Untamted by the world's unceasing strife,
Beat with a wild extatic joy within.
Ah! Fancy now must gild the golden scene
Which once reality could boast: where's now
That heart which friendship fir'd so true? And where
That head which stood erect in virtue's cause,
And where is she at sight of whom this heart
Swell'd with the rapture of delight? The grave
In its unconscious womb has swallowed all.
His worth, his virtues, and his friendly heart;
Her purity, her beauty—nought could save—
And all alike now moulder in the tomb
Life! what is life? A busy round at best,
Made up of cares, of sorrow, and of strife;
The rich themselves are doubly poor! and he
That's nought to lose is doubly rich! Tis plain,
For he who gorges in voluptuousness,
Who feeds upon the pampered luxuries
Which this vain world bestows, ay! even he
Solicits more, when he posesses all.
Not so the child of penury. Content he lives,
At morn and eve his prayers ascend on high,
He feasts on homely fare. The world moves on,
And as he wanes into eternity
He smiles. For death no terror brings to him.
It opes the door of light unto his soul,
He lives eternal, for salvation's his.
When rosy health shall with her influence bring
Again the pow'r to string my woe-wrung harp,
I then shall bid its numbers swell. Till then
The wand'rers lyre must slumber by his side.

EDMUND.

Washington City, Dec 10th. 1816.

For the Parterre.

THE ESCRITOIRE No 5.

By Simon Scribble Esq.

There is no greater enemy to the regular gradation of mental improvement than *indolence*. Malignant fortune, or the opposition of envy and ignorance may conspire to prevent the developement of genius, and crush the hopes of the aspiring spirit, yet like smothered flame, it will but emit a brighter lustre. Much has been said upon the obstacles which oppose a career of glory, but there are none so powerful, none so permanent as a spirit of indolence. It may be termed a disease of the mind, for like those of the body, it preys upon its faculties, undermines its strength, and finally consigns it to the tomb of Oblivion.

Indolence is one of those circean spell which enchains every faculty, and palsies every exertion. Its electric touch weakens the vigour of intellect, and deadens the ardour of emulation, leaving us torpid, inanimate and insensible. An idle man is a most unenviable object.—He can accuse no one for his condition, and there are none who can console him upon its probable termination He is like a miser, surrounded by treasures which he is unable or unwilling to enjoy: starving in the midst of an abundance to which he will not have recourse.

This habit commences with our childhood, "grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength," acquiring new force by indulgence, until it becomes impossible to surmount or eradicate. Its dawning is first evinced by a reluctance to undergo corporeal labour. From thence it invades the mind, until the mere act of thinking becomes tiresome. When a man has fallen thus far, but little hope can be entertained for his recovery. When reflection becomes burdensome, he has no stimulus to exertion. The pleasures of retrospection cannot soothe, the voice of censure cannot excite, for upon the past, the present or the future, there is scarcely bestowed a thought. His ideas are contracted within the mere circles of his actions, whose sphere, each day contributes to diminish.

"Were you to ask me," says a celebrated writer, "what is an inherent vice of human nature, I should not answer, Pride, Ambition or Avarice—but *Idleness*." It is indeed a curse which the fall of our first parents has entailed upon us, and which will continue to descend upon our posterity, an obstacle to the progress of learning and virtue, and a bar to the expansion of human intellect.

Were we to calculate the time which is expended in absolute indolence, the sum would astonish us. Hour after hour is suffered to elapse in culpable inactivity, without an idea how many of the

sands of life are thus wasting, and how few yet remain to be improved. Titus is said to have exclaimed "I have lost a day." But how many of us could with equal propriety, remark that we had lost a year, or at the close of life, that we had lost an age, without any material efforts for the improvement of our present, or the happiness of our future state. While it is astonishing to what a depth of lassitude and lethargy, the human mind may sink; it is equally as surprising, and far more interesting, to observe to what a point the opposite extreme may be carried. To those who duly appreciate the value of time, each moment is precious, and each as it revolves bears with it some mark of application and improvement. It was by attention to those particles which form so great a portion of our existence, that Bacon, Locke, Newton and Franklin attained their celebrity. None who have obtained a niche in the Temple of Fame, did it without exertion. Pope was self-instructed; Cæsar was an œconomist of time, and Washington was a model of industry and diligence. I have often admired that passage in the life of H. K. White, (whose industry it would be well for many of our youth to imitate) which describes his application as being so great as not only to induce him to forego most of the amusements of his age, but often to abstain from his meals, least they should encroach upon his studies. It is true he fell a martyr to his thirst for knowledge, but he carried it too far; yet it were better to perish in such a cause, than to slumber out an unprofitable existence. But without injuring our health, we may improve our time; without sacrificing any innocent and allowable recreation, we may lay up a fund of intelligence for our declining years. There is a time for all things, and we should not permit the trifling amusements of youth to interfere with the acquirement of knowledge, or obstruct our progress to honour and reputation.

For the PARTERRE.

THE FOWLER OF THE NORTH.

On the eastern coast of Scotland and the Orkney Islands many of the natives are employed in the occupation of catching sea birds and securing their eggs, which are in great request among the inhabitants of those northern regions. The nests of these birds are placed among the clefts of the rocks, at whose base the sea foams most tremendously; and being sometimes almost inaccessible, render the pursuit peculiarly dangerous. The following is supposed to be addressed by the wife of one of these adventurers to her husband, to dissuade him from commencing his hazardous expedition till day break.

Oh! stay thee awhile from the brow of the steep,
Till the wand of the morning is stretched from afar,
Till the gull of the ocean has sunk into sleep,
In her pendulant nest on the marge of the deep,
'Neath the heart soothing ray of the bright polar star.
For now on the billow, she chooses her pillow,
And rests her broad wings on the breast of the sea;
And urging her flight, through the region of night
Skims light as a feather on moorland or lea.—
But soon shall thy lullaby sooth her to rest,
And her smooth floating pinion be closed on her side;
Her head shall be lulled on the soft plumaged breast
Of unbreathing repose, in her wind-cradled nest;
Thither led by her light-footed Morphean guide.
And she shall be sleeping, while day light is peeping
From her rose-wickered chambers of vapour and dew;
And the urns of light fade, from the beaming arcade,
Which night had attired in silver and blue.
Then may'st thou away to her seat in the air,
And surprize her while over her treasures she lay;
From the safely earned plunder the bird may's't thou tear,
And away to the cottage thy burden may's't bear,
For her who is foremost to welcome thy way.—
Oh stay then till morning, yon blue hills adorning,
O'er the green-rolling surge of the ocean shall creep,
And show thee the way, to thy desolate prey,
Where the nest of the sea-bird is daring the deep.

ORLANDO.

Lord Tunbridge, when young, was much addicted to dissipation. He was asked one evening by an acquaintance to accompany him to a lecture on animal spirits. "If he *treats* upon *spirits*, why I suppose I must go," replied the young lord.

ORIENTAL SCOLDING.

Although the Hindoos are the meekest people on earth, yet they sometimes quarrel with one another. Will you attend to so trifling a description as that of a Hindoo scolding match? Storms sometimes display the nature of the soil on which they fall. The enraged parties begin with complaining of each other's injustice: and retail a great many moral and religious maxims, which, by that injustice, have been violated. They enumerate the acts of violence or of fraud, which their antagonists have committed against others, as well as themselves. They undervalue each other's families: "Your sister went on a certain day to fetch water from the well, and was embraced by a Christian soldier;" "Your father dying young, your mother did not shave her head, but made her elopement with a sepoy:" "From a niggardly disposition, you violated the laws of our holy religion, by making the same earthern pot serve you a whole week."—"and you got so drunk on one occasion, with crabtree toddy, that you not only touched the vessel with your lips, but you bit it with your teeth." In this manner they kept scolding for the space of some hours: but now the contention becomes fiercer, and the opprobrious terms of Caffre and haliachore are retorted with great fury. As the last possible insult they pull off their shoes, spit in them, and throw them in each other's faces. They then proceed to action, tearing each other's hair, and striking each other with the palms of their hands, like women and children. After they are sufficiently fatigued by this exercise, they part, each declaring that he would have inflicted on his adversary more severe marks of his vengeance, if he did not consider himself as much polluted by touching him as he would be by coming in contact with a *sow* or a *Christian*.

For the Parterre.

THE MERMAID'S HYMN.

O! Thou who heav'st the mountain surge,
And scoop'st those valleys deep and dark;
Who stayest upon the dizzy verge,
The reeling, storm-tost, shattered bark.
God of the Ocean! hear the song
The lonely Sea-Nymph hymns to thee;
Her votive strains to thee belong
Great Spirit of the troubled sea.

Hush the rude billow
That raves round her dwelling,
Molest not her pillow,
When thy anger is swelling:

Stay not her course where the moon-beams are straying,
And the spice-breeze of night o'er thy bosom is playing;
Frown not on her, should she wander afar,
Her vespers to pour at the shrine of yon star:

Check not her revels, when leaving her cave,
Her tresses she bathes in the light of the wave,
Or pois'd on the surf, views gay Oberon's train,
As they sport on the bounds of thy dusky domain:

God of the Winds and rolling tide,
Whose track is on the floating foam,
O, who can tell where you reside
Or who describe your mystic home:
You ride the frenzied whirlwind's wing,
And sport amid the clouds of heav'n;
Your hands the floods of Ocean fling,
And drown the setting sun of even.
Spirit of Tempests! do not thou
Refuse to list thy suppliant's prayers;
Disperse the horrors of thy brow,
And only breathe thy mildest airs;
Round her couch sigh
Soft as music above
On her ear die
Like the accents of Love:
Fan her warm cheek as she glides o'er the Ocean
When twilight has lull'd all the morning's commotion:
Let it rouse not thy wrath when she wakes the soft shell,
And thy winds and thy waters symphoniously swell;
When melodiously dying the sailor it charms,
And woo's his approach to the Ocean-maid's arms.
O! do not thou the hurricane bring,
Bid not the blasts from the North to sing,
Lash not the deep with thy vapoury train,
Dash not the spray from the restless main.

God of the Ocean, Air and Sky,
To thee the mermaid lifts her eye;
Thou rulest the sun and thou the shower,
Thy word is might, thy arm is power;
The sea views thy glance and smoothes her breast,
The winds hear thy voice and sink to rest;
All adore thee, all obey,
All revere thy sceptre and sway.
Oh, protect the Sea-Nymph's grot,
Save her arbour of the sea,
Bid the storms assail it not,
Bid the billows quiet be.
Oh, preserve the Nereid's form,
O'er the trackless waste careering,
Shield her from the winter's storm,
On the wat'ry mountains steering.
All that can affright or harm,
Oh, do thou remove, disarm;
May she ever be thy care,
Hear, O, hear, the Mermaid's prayer.

V.

A gentleman being asked by Mr R—. if he would take some more wine, replied "*No, no*, I thank you." "Waiter, hand him a glass," cried Mr. R—. "*two* negatives make an affirmative."

Aunt Debby's Satin gown.

I called the other day to see a friend, and found him running up and down stairs with great alacrity. "What is the matter?" I enquired. "O! how are you; walk in," he replied. "I was looking for a piece of sulphur which some how or other I have mislaid." "What is that you have in your hand?" said I "Well that is a good joke" he returned, "I have been running over the house from the cellar to the garret in search of this stick of brimstone, and here I have it in my hand. Walk in Mr. L——, and I will shew you an experiment I am about trying."—— "Aye, some *Chemical* experiment I suppose, as usual. I shall never forget the pantaloons you spoiled for me." "Come, come, my dear fellow," he replied, "you are always bantering me. In carving a turkey which was rather tough, the other day, I happened to twist too hastily one of the legs, and it flew into my Aunt Debby's lap, and as fate would have it, she wore that morning a new brown satin dress. But luckily in reading over one of my Chemistries this afternoon, I saw a note, "the *sulphurous acid* will extract oily stains from silk." I jumped about the room with joy at the discovery, for you must know that Aunt Debby has always called chemistry a nonsensical, childish and useless study, and I was so overjoyed that I had now an opportunity of convincing her of the contrary, that I could scarcely contain myself. But you know I was always an unlucky fellow:—I rushed from my study to communicate the intelligence to Debby and determined to make but two leaps in descending the stairs, and accordingly sprang to the first landing directly upon our black boy *Jem*, who was sitting there in the dark, patting the cat. Zounds! you never heard such a bawling and squalling in your life, for I tumbled flat upon them, and puss in endeavouring to escape left the marks you see upon my face, which will confine me to the house a week at least. But my dear friend, your teeth chatter, and I had really forgotten that we were standing in a cold entry, do walk in." Never did Diogenes utter as pure a truth as when my friend said the passage was cold, for I was almost frozen. We marched into the parlour just as they were lighting the candles, and we found the whole family collected to see the experiment on Aunt Debby's gown.

At first the old maiden appeared rather unwilling, and was pretty difficult to be convinced that satin was in substance the same as silk, and that sulphurous acid was procured from brimstone, but overwhelmed by the arguments and authorities of my friend, she abandoned her doubts, and with great reluctance dipped that portion of the dress which was greased into water, which was declared to be absolutely necessary. Debby held the gown, I volunteered to hold the candle, and my friend getting upon his knees, put the brimstone in the flame. "This sulphur," said he with a sapient look, being burnt in this manner, unites with the *oxygene* of the atmosphere, is

converted into *gas*, and will ascend (as all gasses do, when combined with *caloric*) to the silk dress, where being absorbed by the water, it becomes liquid acid, and acting upon the oil of the turkey's leg will form a *sulphite* which is perfectly harmless." Having concluded he commenced burning the brimstone under the gown, above which Aunt Debby's nasal organ (of no inconsiderable size) protruded in order to see what was going on below The fume of the sulphur, ascending, was inhaled by the old lady, and in attempting to sneeze she bowed so low as to extinguish the candle. Immediately supposing her dress to be on fire (the room being now in perfect darkness) she screamed *fire!* and in endeavouring to run out of the room, pushed both her hands (or perhaps elbows) through a glass door that intervened, with a terrible crash; the neighbours and passengers, vociferating the alarm of *fire!* ran in almost at the same moment. In a few minutes the crowd greatly increased, but upon our going out and declaring the alarm to be false, the people quietly departed.

Candles were quickly procured, Aunt Debby's dress was found hanging to the latch of the door, with one arm torn off, and the lady herself, after much search, was discovered between two flour barrels in the pantry, where she had taken refuge, nearly scared to death. Some time elapsed before her fears were quieted, and in the course of an hour we had the curiosity to examine whether the experiment had succeeded on the satin dress, when behold! The grease was not only eradicated, but the *colour* also!

L.

Pleasures of Reading and conversation

At the head of all the pleasures which offer themselves to the man of liberal education, may confidently be placed that derived from *books*. In variety durability and facility of attainment, no other can stand in competition with it; and even in intensity it is inferior to few. Imagine that we had it in our power to call up the shades of the greatest and wisest men that ever existed, and obliged them to converse with us on the most interesting topics—what an inestimable priviledge should we think it! how superior to all common enjoyments! But in a well furnished library we in fact possess this power. We can question Xenophon and Caesar on their campaigns; make Demosthenes and Cicero plead before us, join in the audience of Socrates and Plato, and receive demonstrations from Euclid and Newton. In books we have the choicest thoughts of the ablest men in their best dress. We can at pleasure exclude dullness and impertinence, and open our doors to wit and good sense alone. It is needless to repeat the high commendations that have been bestowed on the study of letters by persons, who had free access to every other source of gratification. Instead of quoting Cicero to you, I shall in plain terms give you the result of my own experience on this subject. If domestic enjoyments have contributed in the first degree to the happiness of my life, (and I should be ungrateful not to acknowledge that they have) the pleasures of reading have beyond all question held the second place. Without books I have never been able to pass a single day to my entire satisfaction: With them no day has been so dark as not to have its pleasure. Even pain and sickness have for a time been charmed away by them. By the easy provision of a book in my pocket, I have frequently worn through long nights and days, the most disagreeable parts of my profession with all the difference in my feelings, between calm content and fretful impatience. Such occurrences have afforded me full proof both of the possibility of being cheaply pleased, and of the consequence it is of, to the sum of human felicity, not to neglect minute attentions to make the most of life as it passes.

Reading may in every sense be called a *cheap* amusement. A *taste for books*,

indeed, may be made expensive enough: but that is a taste for editions, bindings paper and type. If you are satisfied with getting at the sense of an author in some commodious way, a crown at a stall will supply your wants as well as a guinea at a shop. Learn too, to distinguish between books to be *perused* and books to be *possessed*. Of the former you may find an ample store in every subscription library, the proper use of which to a scholar is to furnish his mind, without loading his shelves. No apparatus, no appointment of time and place, is necessary for the enjoyment of reading. From the midst of bustle and business, you may in an instant, by the magic of a book, plunge into scenes of remote ages and countries, and disengage yourself from present care and fatigue. 'Sweet pliability of man's spirit, (cries Sterne, on relating an occurrence of this kind in his Sentimental Journey) that can at once surrender itself to illusions, which cheat expectation and sorrow of their weary moments!'

The next of the procurable measures that I shall point out to you is that of *conversation*. This is a pleasure of higher zest than that of reading; since in conversing we not only receive the sentiments of others, but impart our own: and from this reciprocation a spirit and interest arise which books cannot give in an equal degree. Fitness for conversation must depend upon the store of ideas laid up in the mind, and the faculty of communicating them. These, in a great degree are the results of education and the habit of society, and to a certain point they are favoured by superiority of condition. But this is only to a certain point; for when you arrive at that class in which sensuality, indolence, and dissipation, are fostered by excess of opulence, you lose more by diminishing energy of mind, than you gain by superior refinement of manner and elegance of expression. And, indeed, there are numbers of the higher ranks among us, whose conversation has not even the latter qualities to recommend it, but to poverty of sentiment adds the utmost coarseness of language and behaviour. There is a radical meanness in debauchery, which even in the most elevated conditions of all, communicates the taint of vulgarity. To hear the high-bred party loudly contending in the praises of their dogs, and horses, and discussing gambling questions, intermixed with grosser topics, you could not possibly discover by the style and manner whether you were listening to the masters above, or the grooms below. It is by no means unfrequent to find the best company the worst conversation. Should your character and situation forever exclude you from such societies you need not repine at your loss. It will be amply compensated by the opportunities you are likely to enjoy of free intercourse with the most cultivated and rational of both sexes, among whom decency of manners, and variety of knowledge will always be valued, though very moderately decorated with the advantages of fortune.

A lady upon being asked her opinion of *night sleighing*, (slaying) replied that it was an excellent amusement to kill *time*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Edmund will ever meet with attention. We should be gratified to hear often from him.

We have inserted one of *Alexior's* favours, the other is rather too incomplete.

Melville is under consideration.

PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 108, Race street, where communications &c. will be received. A letter Box is also placed at Messrs. PROBASCO AND JUSTICE'S No 350, North Second street.

☞ The price of the Parterre is three dollars per annum, payable quarterly in advance.